

RESTORATION

Vol. II.

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No. 9.

People Must Be Given More Than Good Works

By Catherine de Hueck

Dear Friend: We have talked in our letters, about your future parish, and about your bringing first the knowledge of God to those under your "fatherly" care. For we agreed that this knowledge will lead to the love of God, and this in turn will bear its beautiful fruits of love and service to neighbors, which are THE WORKS without which FAITH IS DEAD.

But human nature being frail, and the darkness of original sin being still with us, not to mention the tragic fact that the Mystery of Iniquity is forever abroad, you will have to face the truth, that in order to keep this flame of love alive and burning, you have to "give" your spiritual children more than just "works." You will have to give them strong food for their souls, hearts, minds, and even bodies, to keep them not only on an even spiritual keel, but to make them grow in knowledge, love, and sanctity.

It is an old, old maxim, that "in spiritual life, he who stands still, goes backward."

Prayer is your answer here. First THE MASS. The greatest prayer of all. The eternally renewed, unbloody, Sacrifice of Calvary. Bring your people to Mass. Daily Mass. For the full participation of parishioners in that august Sacrifice will fan the flames of Love as nothing else will. For the center of Mass—is GOD, WHO IS LOVE.

Happiness and Security

Bring them to that School of Love. Sit them down at the Poor Man's Supper Table. Open to them that Infinite Sea of Love that is the Mass. Show them that the way to the happiness, the peace, the security they seek . . . is there . . . in the Mass . . . participated in . . . lived . . . day by day. ITA MISSA EST . . . GO AND LIVE THE MASS. If they once catch a glimpse of its infinite beauty and power, its love . . . and lessons . . . you will never have to worry about your parish-to-be. For your people will indeed be CHRISTOPHERS . . . CHRIST BEARERS. They will bring Him wherever they go. Home . . . factory . . . business . . . marriage . . . birth . . . life . . . death.

And you . . . you will be astonished at the results. Converts will stream into your outspread nets. Charity will reign in your domain. Youth will find itself. Middle age will realize its powers and duties and arise and be about the FATHER'S BUSINESS. Life, spiritual, super-

natural, will flow through your parish like lava out of the mouth of a volcano . . . setting everyone on fire with its divine flame.

Men's hearts will at long last comprehend the beauty of frugal poverty, and the emptiness of material possessions. They will understand that what is beyond their necessity — food, shelter, clothing, the normal education of their children according to each state of life, and some provision for old age and ill health — belongs to the poor . . . God's Ambassadors . . . the representatives of Christ . . . nay Christ Himself.

Open The Paths

Then the great tranquility of God's order will descend through your parish, your gateway of grace, into the souls and hearts of men. And they will open to all the ways of spiritual life. With the Mass as the center thereof, on to the mental prayer of meditation, the higher prayer of contemplation, they will walk. They will go even higher, into the Eternal Hills of the Lord . . . a group of true Christians, of whom the world will have to say once more . . . "SEE HOW THESE CHRISTIANS LOVE ONE ANOTHER."

Then will come the time when you will be able to bring them the many gracious and helpful ways of liturgical living. Thus the year will be lived in Christ. Advent will begin it, with everyone keeping the Advent Fast, and making ready to give birth to Christ.

Lent will follow a preparation for the final act of our redemption—the Crucifixion, and the glories of Resurrection. Pentecost will bring the Holy Ghost with His tongues of fire . . . renewing the apostolic zeal of your parishioners . . . all apostles.

Old and New Ways

Like a flower opening in all its beauty slowly . . . month after month will bring old yet ever new ways into your parish life. The blessing of the bread and eggs at Easter, the blessing of the waters in June, and orchards in August, fields and the fruit thereof in November, the processional candles lit on the way to cemeteries to pray for the dead.

Young love will pledge its troth and become engaged at the Altar of our Lady, in the manner of old times when the world was Christian. Marriage will receive the blessing of nuptial Mass and Communion, with everyone present partaking of the Bread of Angels.

The churching of women will add to the graces of motherhood. Houses in the parish, and rooms and apartments, will be blessed by you to the joy of their occupants.

Prime and Compline will become the morning and evening prayers of families. The Rosary will be a natural part of living. And the enthronement of the Sacred Heart will take place naturally, because everyone will understand that in bringing this symbol of Love into one's home, one will grow in grace and love.

Holy pictures, crucifixes, and holy water will be the first to grace the home.



Knowledge and Faith

Catholic Education of youth will be accepted as a matter of fact. Homes will be restored to Christ. And marriage, like life, will begin and end in Christ.

Catholic books and magazines will be part and parcel of living. The entire parish will become Christocentric.

Yes . . . all these things will happen, dear Friend, if you will bring knowledge of God to your spiritual children, and cultivate its fruits, the works of Faith, that grow from the tree of Love.



Parish Gets Curate Out Of Gas Chamber

Father Patrick Dwyer, pastor of our Sacred Heart Church in Combermere, has obtained a new curate—one looked upon by every member of the congregation as a living miracle.

He is one of the few, of the many thousands put into the Nazi gas chambers to die, who lived to talk about it.

He is Father Stanislaus Kadziolka. He is young, short of stature, slight, blue-eyed, and intensely active. He speaks reluctantly of his years in the Nazi concentration camps, the horrors he witnessed, the sadistic cruelties visited on him and on others. He wants to forget that part of his life. But it is impossible to forget, for there is a number tattooed on his arm—his number in the Auschwitz prison camp—to remind him.

Guilty As Charged

Father Stanley, as most everybody calls him, was captured by the Nazis shortly after Poland was invaded. He was guilty of two crimes. He was a Pole; and he was a Catholic priest. All the priests in Poland were rounded up in at least three Polish dioceses, and put to death. Most of them were tortured before they were killed.

The little curate was one of many priests and civilians put into the death chamber. The gas was turned on. He fell unconscious to the floor. Others fell dying on top of him.

After a time the bodies were taken out and heaped in carts to be taken to the incinerators. One of the drivers—Father believes he was a Jew—saw there was still life in four bodies on his cart. He dumped them off by the side of the road, and drove away with the balance of his load.

Dead Man Returns

Father recovered consciousness in the fresh air, got up, and started walking. He came back to camp; but nothing much happened to him. He was officially dead. The number on his arm identified him as a dead man—and even the satanic efficiency of the Nazis didn't know exactly how to deal with him. It was impossible to admit that a mistake had been made. Nazis didn't make mistakes. They were supermen, remember?

It was likewise impossible to ignore him, since he must occupy some little space in the camp, must be given some little rations of food. He was dead, but he was still a prisoner.

Three years and three months Father Stanley endured this living death. Now and then he found himself

in a different camp. But it was always the same. Hunger, work, misery all around him, dying men to console, condemned men to prepare for death.

He said Mass at times, lying prone on his cot at night. There were many Communist prisoners. They stole wine for him from the German officers' tables, whenever they could. And they gave him all the bread they could obtain.

Mass In Prison

Priests in emergencies have the right to shorten the Mass to the Consecration and Communion. Father said Mass in this fashion. The faithful, lying quietly all around him, got up, one by one, stumbled—in case some Nazi guard might be near—as though they couldn't very well see their way to the washroom, then knelt and took the consecrated bread.

In Communist prisons today, it is probable, other priests are saying Mass as they lie on their cots. They are hearing confessions, giving Communion. They are baptizing converts. They are preaching Christ.

In "The Priest among the Soldiers," edited by Father Martin Dempsey, and published by Burns Oates, London, there are several paragraphs devoted to Father Kadziolka.

"In February, 1945, there were forty-five priests in the camp, but of these only ten were alive on April 17. Of these ten, only one, the Rev. Stanislaus Kadziolka, was able to do any apostolic work. The others were dying (four died within a few weeks) or at least too weak and ill to walk. . . . The indomitable spirit and priestly zeal of this man made him an angel of comfort to thousands of dying Catholics."

One In Fifty Thousand

Father Stanley at this time was in the No. 1 Camp at Belsen, which was known as "the horror camp."

"This," says Fr. Michael G. Morrison, S.J., who wrote this particular chapter in the book, "was a wired area about 1400 yards long and about 700 yards wide at its widest part. A considerable portion of this area was occupied by administrative quarters of the S.S. Guard, store houses, cook-houses, etc. Into the remaining portion about 50,000 people were herded. For living quarters the internees had 79 huts, 38 for the men, and 41 for the women and children.

"When the 32nd Casualty Clearing Station entered the camp on April 17, between 7,000 and 10,000 lay dead in (Continued on Page Three)

RESTORATION

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WHERE LOVE IS—GOD IS

THOU SHALT NOT BEAR FALSE WITNESS AGAINST THY NEIGHBOR . . . Thus reads the eighth Commandment of God.

Yet it seems that in our day and age we Catholics have forgotten its existence, alongside of the other nine. It appears that we dimly remember but two . . . and confess but two sins . . . Lust and Drunkenness. No wonder our spiritual life is lukewarm, the type the Lord swore to vomit out of His mouth.

Consider what the eighth commandment forbids—LIES OF ANY KING . . . DETRACTION AND CALUMNY . . . Newspapers bring to us daily tales of perjury, and few are horror-stricken by the fact that so many think nothing of bearing false witness . . .

Across the nation, in rural areas and cities, reputations are ruined, souls wounded, hearts filled with sorrow, and minds distracted with grief, by those who use their tongues to spread calumny and malicious gossip about their brothers and sisters in Christ.

People trying to serve God, each in his fashion and each according to his vocation, are subjected to the tortures of unjust accusations that attack their morals, their lives, impugn their motives and intentions, discourage and handicap the work of God they are trying to do.

Thousands of upright citizens yearly are brought close to ruin by people who have forgotten that God has given an EIGHTH COMMANDMENT. Do they not realize that their patron . . . if such a word can be used in this case . . . is the JUDAS WHO BORE FALSE WITNESS AGAINST CHRIST?

Isn't there enough sorrow these days on our tragic earth, without letting loose this sea of treachery and falsehood? We have to restore the kingdom of the earth to Christ, its Lord. Certainly this cannot be done on the shifting sands of gossip and lies. How can we dream of bringing the fulness of TRUTH to men . . . if in our daily lives we are traffickers of lies? Let us cleanse our hearts from the evil desire to speak carelessly, wrongly, about our neighbor. So that with clean tongues and minds as well as hearts we may appear before Christ the Lord.

FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

by Eddie Doherty

August, and all the roads are wearing rich gold lace. Even the dirt roads that go "nowhere" are dressed in regal splendor.

Grasshoppers rise in swarms, like prayers, as one walks through the fields, or bends to pick a dinner from the blackberry bushes. The sumacs are flaunting their finest red ornaments. Some of these look like tremendous rooster combs, some like dunce hats. And many of the bushes bear red and white bell-shaped fruits.

August. A golden butterfly lights on a Canada thistle and raises and closes his wings. They look like a golden sail—a yellow yacht on a tiny purple sea.

August—and I keep thinking about a bitter day in March, and a long trek through the brush and the snow. I can hear the howling of the wind, and the war whoops of the Iroquois, and the muttered prayers of the captives.

He Remembers March!

I went to the Jesuit martyrs' shrine at Midland twice last month. And twice I stood near the stake where Brebeuf and Lalement were tortured to death. But what I remember best is the thing I did not see, the thing that happened 300 years before I ever saw the place—the death of those two martyrs.

I visited the site of the Mission of St. Louis, with Father Pat Dwyer and Father Jim Dwyer, his brother. There was a cairn of stones and a plaque to mark the place where the Jesuits were captured.

"Here's where they came upon the two priests," Father Pat said. "There, through that woods, they led them to St. Ignace, for the final ceremony."

It was hot in Midland that day. It was super hot. Yet I could see the snow lying deep in the woods. I could see it swirling around the red men and their captives. I could see blood drip in its white depths.

The Jesuit Trail

We went then to St. Ignace, not through the path followed by the Jesuits, but over roads built by the Ontario authorities—thence into a dirt road, past a railroad track, past a small rustic bridge, then into and up a short distance of rocks and ruts—a bit of earth that hardly merits the title of road—and stopped on holy ground.

I heard the famous Iroquois choir sing at Benediction, and at Mass the next morning, on the first visit to the shrine. I was thrilled with their voices, as was everybody else. I wondered what holy magic had changed these people. They were singing in the Mohawk tongue. No choir I had ever heard could be compared to them. War whoops? They sounded like angels before the throne!

Later I returned to Midland for Father Dan Lord's pageant, "Salute to Canada," a tremendous production staged in the open, with four stages cut into the slope of a great hill, one stage above another.

Father Lord had written, rehearsed, directed, and produced the pageant—this despite the fact that he had just come out of the hospital and still had to visit the doctors every day or so.

A Nice Job, No?

There were over 500 people in the cast, and each was in costume. Father Lord, of course didn't design those costumes. That was the task of a couple of nuns brought from Denver. But the hard working priest did have to approve of them. He had to look at every design, accept it or reject it, or give some suggestions for making it more appropriate. He also had to supervise the scenery, the lighting arrangements, the seating arrangements, and most everything else connected with the production.



The story of the wars between the Hurons and the Iroquois, the coming of the white men, and the tragedy that wiped out the Jesuits and their converts—all was told in music and dancing.

I watched Father Lord rehearsing some of it, standing erect in the sun, without a hat, a handkerchief around his neck, smiling, relaxed, enthusiastic; and my admiration for him—based on his writings—rose to dizzy heights.

I sat through the pageant with Father J. B. Ferguson of Warkworth, Tony Constable, Miss Kathleen English, and Father Ferguson's housekeeper, Mrs. St. George—and did not want to leave the place when the pageant was finished.

"I don't think, in the whole history of Canada, there was anything in the way of drama or ballet, so fine, so well-staged, so affecting, so very wonderful in every way," said Father Ferguson.

He Remembers March!

We left Midland the next day—but not until we had again stood near the cross in the Mission of St. Ignace, which marks the place at which Brebeuf and Lalement gave up their souls to God.

The memory of the Iroquois choir has dimmed. The beauty and the excitement of the pageant has abated. I still wonder at the patience and the skill of those Jesuits who formed the wondrous choir. I still stand in awe of the genius of Father Lord.

But what I remember best is the capture of Brebeuf and Lalement at St. Louis, their forced march through the brush, and their holy deaths at St. Ignace.

August? Listen to the howling of that wind!

The B's Corner

Once more Madonna House is full of youth. Since May 15th, when the first Visiting Volunteer came, in to June when there were anywhere from seven to ten of them, into July and August that saw their numbers now grow, now diminish by one or two, yet always remaining at the level of about 8 to 10, youth has been the center of our lives here.

They came from many places, Canada's Eastern seaboard . . . New York . . . Toronto . . . Wisconsin . . . Kentucky . . . the Ottawa Valley . . . Hamilton . . . St. Catherines . . . Cleveland . . . Boys . . . Girls . . . Mostly college undergraduates. A nurse. A dietitian. A physical culture instructor. A social worker. All had in common, youth and religion . . . and all were Catholics.

They came to help us with the many works and chores that summer brings to our Apostolate of Madonna House. But they also came to learn what they could about the Lay Apostolate itself.

Our days, and theirs, have been busy. In the garden, in the house. With the chickens. Haying. Cleaning the lovely pine groves. Preparing wood for the winter. Canning. Preserving. Sewing. Berrying. Nutting. Food must be preserved for next summer, and the many that we hope will again fill the place then. We are planning to start, in the summer of 1950, a regular Summer School of Rural Catholic Action, and now is the time to get ready for it.

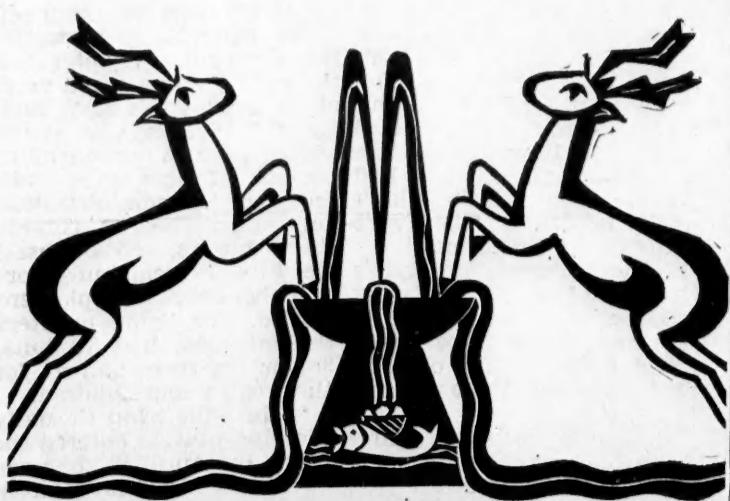
An Interim

As usual we try to teach what youth wants to know about God and the things of God. We are a little bit sad, and quite puzzled and worried, as to how to answer their many questions, how to set their hearts on fire with the love of God, how to direct their untiring energies into His channels, into the ways of restoring His world to Him. For it seems that we are living in an in-between era that is making it harder than ever for young people to orient themselves.

Catholic Action is spoken of everywhere. Books about it abound. Marvelous, profound, soul-stirring books. Young priests and seminarians are being taught how to bring it to their people when they will have control of the parishes.

The doctrines of the Mystical Body of Christ are clarified by His Holiness. Their implications stir the world. The Social Encyclicals are at long last studied in Colleges and Schools. Liturgy once more is taking hold of youth. All these fill their hearts with longing, with desires to be about their Father's business.

In hundreds every summer (and many in other seasons) they arise and go in search of ways and means to implement all these new ideas into the reality of their lives. Yet it is at this point that they become confused. For though all these things are "in the air," and, in many places are even taught to them, their elders, both clerical and lay, still frown at the sacrifices demanded by this integration. (Continued on Page Three)



COMBERMERE

By Catherine Doherty

It seems that the Blue Door of Madonna House (painted blue in honor of our Lady) just stayed open all this month. So many passed through it that we did not have time to close it. Deo Gratias.

Father Frank Sieh, Father Miller, Father Neer, all three from South Dakota, on their way to the Jesuit Shrine, stopped, rested, fished, said Mass for us and for the good Nuns nearby, took part in our daily life, helped with chores, and talked wonderfully of God and the things of God.

Miss Ellen O'Meara from St. Catharines, Mrs. Ramsay from Hamilton, Nancy Sullivan from New Rochelle, N.Y., Claire LaRue from F.H., N.Y. City, Patricia Conners from Montreal, and Anne-Marie Belisle from the same city, Kathleen English from Cleveland, a few Seminarians, Mr. and Mrs. Clark of Geneva, N.Y., and our old friend Tony Constable, were among those the blue door welcomed.

We haven't space, alas, to list all the many visitors who came for a few hours, graciously sharing the gift of their vacation time with us. Nuns. Priests. Lay-folks. We have been indeed blessed by their presence. And we thank them one and all.

Social Catholic Thought

As our readers know, we had a little, but lively controversy going on in RESTORATION recently. It started with our receiving and publishing a letter from one of our Chicago subscribers, who stated that we were not true to our declaration of aims and purposes which read: "RESTORATION IS PUBLISHED FOR CLARIFICATION OF CATHOLIC SOCIAL THOUGHT." The lady maintained that we filled the paper with our homely doings, with news of pigs, chickens and bees. That Eddie and I wrote most of it. That it was a PERSONAL paper . . . and there was little clarification of "social Catholic thought" in it.

The flood of letters from other readers helped us to reclarify our ideas about RESTORATION once more. Most of them, the vast majority in fact, asked us to stay "as we were." For they thought we were clarifying CATHOLIC SOCIAL THOUGHT . . . by living it.

PARTH GETS CURATE

(Continued from Page One) the huts or on the ground. Of the living the majority were in "pericula mortis" and many thousands were dying. One can only guess what the daily death rate was at the time. The first date for which statistics are available is April 30, and on that day 548 people died. The death rate was higher in the previous fortnight.

When Father Stanley was rescued he weighed only forty-one pounds! You should see him now, and you should hear his sermons. He speaks English well—and many other languages also. He is a licenciate in theology, and is studying for his doctorate.

Only one thing disturbs him, the apathy and complacency he finds in this part of the world for the dangers that beset the Church.

Or at least trying to. Yet Eddie and I had many a long talk about our "Little Paper" just the same, and in all honesty and truth we came to the conclusion that we were not untrue to the statements of our masthead.

Try It Sometime

Publishing a paper, any paper is not an easy task. Publishing a CATHOLIC paper is doubly hard. For the talents of expressing oneself on paper, editing, selecting articles, etc., is all done (or should be) before the Face of God. Words are powerful weapons. They should be uttered with reverence and care, used only to bring oneself and others closer to God. Otherwise it is better to be silent.

Now SOCIAL THOUGHT covers a lot of territory: Predominately it deals with the social implications and applications of the Gospels. And that means with ALL THE LIFE OF MAN. The best presentation of it, often, is by telling of endeavors to live the implication and the application of the Gospels.

There are many ways of doing it. Several are presented monthly in RESTOR-

HOMESPUN

By Alberta Schumacher

Can you imagine growing roses in large numbers and never lifting one of the fragrant blooms to your face to revel in its sweet fragrance? Well, Mattie Ledford grows the most beautiful roses you ever saw, but she never smells their wonderful scent. No, she isn't afflicted with "rose fever" either. The truth is, Mattie can't smell.

She has always been afflicted with catarrah, and the delicate nerve endings of the nose have been injured. To me the sweetest thing about a rose is its fragrance. Of course they are beautiful to see, too, pale tearose, ivory, warm pink, deep crimson, jonquil yellow. You are thinking perhaps Mattie derives her joy in rose growing from this visual loveliness.

Then you will be most surprised when I tell you Mattie knows the colors of most of her roses only by the little placard she fastens to each one, bearing the name of the color. She has to look very closely to read this because her eyes are quite poor. But this is the crowning

would they have to lighten an otherwise dreary stretch of road?

None of the people around her took time to grow flowers of any kind. They were too busy growing corn and wheat and the necessary things. The necessary things! Mattie smiled grimly. Roses were necessary things, too. They brought joy to weary hearts. What was more necessary than that?

No, a Busy Woman

Painfully she dragged herself out to the rose garden and started to work. The roses must be ready for June. A few people stopped when they saw her in the garden. They were quick to note her condition and chide her for working in the ground. "But I have to get the roses ready for people passing by," she told them.

Word got around, and by night there was a young army of workers following Mattie's instructions about the care of her beloved roses. It was a pleasure to do for the woman who had long done for others.

"Tell me," one man asked, "you who cannot smell the fragrance of the roses, nor see clearly their lovely colors, what is it that you derive your pleasure from that you spend so much time and effort on them?"

"It's the happiness they give to other people," Mattie replied without hesitation. "The gardener who gardens for himself alone is never an enthusiastic gardener. Taste, sight, and scent must be shared if they are to be enjoyed to their fullest extent. I smell my roses and see their beautiful colors through the happy reactions of other people."

Each year Mattie sees that plenty of humus is added to her rose garden to restore the earth. It is her pleasure—her joy. With living it is the same as with gardening. Restoring the world to Christ brings the same pleasure to those who are actively working at the task. To them the earth is a garden and every soul in it a potential bloom for heaven. Oh how tenderly they nurture the first faith from which the beautiful blossoms spring!

Mattie and her rose garden—Christian workers and their garden of souls—the joy is in the doing and the sharing, in making someone else just a little bit happier!

THE B'S CORNER

(Continued from Page Two)

Still Suspect

Still the few Apostolates that labor in the market places of our North American Continent are under the shadows of suspicion and doubt from these elders.

They have seemingly grudgingly accepted the remote academic truths of Catholic Action and agreed on the doctrines from whence these stem. But the living of them, the doing of Catholic Action . . . has not yet received their full consent. So they place many obstacles in the path of youth, creating in their hearts and souls, conflicts that should not be there.

Still the older generation tries to make youth into a pattern long obsolete. Still it places before its uplifted eyes, the goal of "material success." Still it thinks in terms of security, money, power, and social prestige.

More sensitive to the tragedy of our days, youth is rent asunder by these

attitudes. For it senses that in our INSECURE ATOMIC AGE . . . ONLY GOD IS IMMUTABLE. It understands, without quite knowing how, that SUCCESS can only be translated into one word . . . SANCTITY. It hungers and desires to produce saints. It is not interested in a "successful," secularly speaking, marriage . . . but in a fully Christian one.

It desires with a great desire, to be secure, indeed; but it sees security in a life of grace, and of doing the will of God, rather than in having two automobiles in every garage.

It talks well of frugal poverty, embraced for the love of God, questions the value of academic degrees per se, and hopes to become proficient in the school of God's Love.

Yes, youth of today is on the march toward God . . . and within it lies OUR salvation, and that of the whole world. God help us if we stem that burning zeal . . . if we put out this fire of love, if we thwart this hunger for service.

Already we have allowed too much of it to lie fallow. We have become too old and stiff, spiritually, to bestir ourselves and guide this untapped supernatural energy, the only thing that this world needs. We have allowed ourselves to be afraid of it, suspicious of it.

Let us not crucify it too—lest we have its blood also on us, and on our children, and our children's children.

Miracles! He Says

By William Constable

Miracles! Miracles! The old Italian born folk of our community spoke as though they were a common occurrence. In school, in church—the priests and the nuns all talked of miracles. But, for me, there were no miracles. I didn't need them anyway. So I thought.

I remember once—

"It will be a miracle if everything does turn out right," Dad told mother late one evening. "The Vet is here, but he doesn't promise much."

"God help us," mother replied . . . Mother was thinking about the \$25.00 the calf would bring later on. Mostly though, she was concerned about that big eyed, black and white Holstein cow. She loved the timid creature. It provided the nine of us with milk for the table, for the cheese, the butter—and, a small necessary income, from the extra eight quarts we sold to the neighbors.

Natural Miracle

Morning came. The cow lived—so did the calf. Mother called us early that day. We all had our look at the baby cow. About seven o'clock, my sisters, brothers, and I prepared ourselves, and made ready to leave. Mother made her customary inspection. She applied the finishing touch—to an upturned collar, a bulging shirt or, maybe a tuft of loose hair. We did our best but, always mother found room for that dainty, caressing little touch. Then, off we went—with a "Be careful now—God take care of you."

Always it was like that about our house . . . St. Anthony pray for us. God deliver us. God help us. St. Dominic assist us. Per l'amore de Dio.

(Continued on Page Four)



ATION. Careful perusal of its articles will confirm this. They range along many lines. But they often linger, for awhile, on one or two, just to clarify them, to the best of our limited ability. Then again a paper grows slowly. Its policies and aims, clarify themselves as it grows. Slowly it finds its niche and keeps it. Slowly too it selects its contributors.

In Simple Words

All the publications of Friendship House are simple and homely in language, for we write for all, not just a select few; and in our own language. Of the people. Simple, informal, direct.

We believe that in telling you of THE LAY APOSTOLATE, FRIENDSHIP HOUSE Style, wherever it is lived and worked, we are telling you of a part of that very SOCIAL THOUGHT —APPLIED UNTO THE REALITY OF LIVING. A small and humble part, surely, but most certainly a part.

We thank, therefore, our good friend and critic in Chicago, for having started the controversy, and through it our clarification. For it brought us a vote of confidence from our readers, gave us assurance that we are on the right road, and helped us to keep to it, and to try to grow in it.

God bless everyone for his share in this immense aid to us.

Quite some years back that was her idea. However she could not bear to charge people for the beauty God had given her. She picks great bouquets and gives them to her visitors. She is not without remuneration. People go out of their way to find nice things to do for her in return. They come to see not only the roses, but Mattie Ledford herself.

This spring Mattie was stricken with arthritis. The doctor told her she must not dig in the damp ground. "But who will take care of my roses?" she cried. She watched from her window, marking their development, noticing the first signs of neglect. She looked compassionately at the passing motorists. If her roses were to go to ruin what pleasure

Behold How Good

By Nancy Sullivan

To step from the mechanical pace of city life, where Christianity is a negative, to be taken out, held up to the light and gazed upon, come Sunday or a Holy Day, into an atmosphere of continual intimacy with Christ calls for a complete re-ordering of mind, heart and soul.

Daily Mass and meditation, which once marked you as a misfit, are prerequisites for life at Madonna House. Each day is taken from the hands of Christ as a gift to be treasured, and is returned to Him in the chalice of the next day's Mass. Thus we live suspended between two Masses and supported by the outstretched arms of Our Crucified Savior.

The tasks, at first completely alien, become more familiar and natural; and meditation finds a place beyond the silent safety of a church.

Summer stretches out full length upon this place called Combermere—a time for living, working and praying together. A soul is opened, filled, and made ready for the winter of mediocrity. And so you leave with just one thought: "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

"MIRACLES," HE SAYS

(Continued from Page Two)

This was a first Friday, so we left for Church. We started early, shortly after Dad went to work. It was near two miles to Church and, we had to get back home for breakfast, then go to school, which stood next to the lofty spire of St. Francis De Sales.

We returned home, ate a hearty breakfast, then started for school. The girls arrived home and got to school on time as usual, and neat as daisies. But, not the boys. Oh—no, we got out our clubs and with our friends, played shinny with a battered tin can, half the way to school.

Down the way, we slammed the metal puck. Up and down the hilly road which went roller-coaster fashion to meet the flat paved street of the city. Back and forth we ran—from one side to the other, around in circles; always chasing the elusive puck. A puck with more rough edges than an international treaty.

Danger! Boys At Play

We could dodge it without seeing it. It whizzed by our faces. We just laughed and banged it from one team to another. What teams! They lined up on both sides for a quarter of a mile. What else could we do? Every family in our vicinity had boys enough to make up a hockey

team!

The tin can spun as it zoomed crazily over our heads, between our legs, or by our faces. Tiny legs leaped away as the clubs fell. Every boy was totally unmindful of the dangerous missile.

We played along 'till in the distance we heard the 8:30 passenger of the New York Central. We then hid our clubs and hurried off for school—one half hour to make it in. Always the 8:30 train was our signal; prompt, never failing.

A Train? So What?

We reached the Lehigh Valley. A long freight train came toward us. We couldn't wait for that. We leaped across the path of the big engine. We went over fences, through fields, down the city streets and into the school.

As we ran through the hall, we met Monsignor Hendrick—with that great big smile. He singled out one of us and, flipped a quarter our way. We entered our rooms. We were five minutes late this time but, did Sister scold us? Not at all. We were her little Martyrs! "See these boys! They live nearly two miles out. They have gone to Church, received Communion, rushed home to breakfast and run to school. Some of you can't come across the road to adore your God. Yet, these children have traveled all of seven miles."

They were good, kind, gentle Nuns—Sister Rosa Nita, Sister Agnes Marie, Sister Laurentine, and Sister Imelda. God keep them wherever they are!

Miracles and Miracles:

A rattle from the door knob distracted our attention during the rest period that morning. The door opened and a huge airedale came through with the door knob in his mouth. Monsignor Hendrick followed.

Sister rose to a position where she could better demand the attention of the class. Monsignor always made mention of our fine respect and utmost attention—"And, without a word from the teacher!" he remarked one day. So he thought . . . When all the while, Sister was saying—"Take it easy. Silence! I dare you to do otherwise!"

Sister told us all this without words. She talked with her eyes.

Monsignor sat himself behind the small desk, small compared to his huge frame. He raised a half dollar and requested a geography contest. Fifty cents to the winner! When the contest was over, he talked of Saints and, the many graces and favors bestowed upon him. He talked of innumerable miracles.

The Daily Miracles

The talk disturbed me. Even my kid sister threatened St. Theresa, that if she didn't enable her to obtain her wish, she would turn her face to the wall. Maybe I

was a bit skeptical of the many favors granted of the many miracles performed. I don't recall. But, I decided I wanted no miracle. Life without miracles would be a real test of faith.

It was only after I married and delved into the mysteries of life, particularly the rearing of tiny, tender souls, that I realized I never had known the real meaning of miracles. In grim realization then, I understood the futility of life without the everyday spiritual works of God. I saw that miracles take place every day.

Are you one of a family where children came 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9, just like that? Have you lived in families where the parents prided themselves with 15 or 17? If you have, then I know you understand; because you too have observed:

Children playing with fire, using pointed willows as arrows, going half naked in wind and snow, swimming in treacherous pools or abandoned quarries, stunting on tree tops, getting their bare feet pierced with rusty nails, playing in streets with fast moving vehicles zooming by.

If there were no miracles, how many of us would be alive to-day?

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**The Cord of Life**

By Dorothy Hoogterp

I.

"And can a man be born anew?"
The timid Pharisee
Half-trusting, steals to Christ by night
And in the darkness gropes for light—
"Can I enter into my Mother's womb?
Whence is this birth to which I come?"
—Uncomprehendingly!
* * * *

Yet see him born beneath a Cross
That Pharisees have made—
Amid the soldiers prone with fear,
While dead men break their sepulchre
This fearful Pharisee has stood
(By Mary's tears and Jesus' Blood)
Quiet and unafraid.

Before the Governor he stands
Whose comrades lately begged for blood
And only asks to take Him down
—Apostles still are scattered far,
But he has braved the mocking town
To give poor service unto her
The mother of his God.

"O can a man be born again?"
One heart be changed for other?
Look on this child re-born in pain
Of God's own holy mother—
He climbs a ladder to the Cross
Heedless of lawyer's gown and cap
Forgetting law and pride and less
To lift that Body spent and torn
For her—in whom we each are born—
And lays Him in her lap.



**O, Lord,
your Word
is the light
of my
footsteps**

II.

O God, the cord of life is frail—
I have no gifts to bind—
It will not hold my offering
Of body, soul and mind
No gift I have—no sacrifice—
No incense—and no song—
No setting for a pearl of price—
No thing of worth or strong.

Yet have I hope—for take this twine
Which has not strength nor light
nor power
And let Our Lady's virtues wrap
Each thought and act, for every hour
So make a candle of my heart
Wrapped in the love of Mary:
Her offering before Thy Face;
Her Son the Light I carry!

III.
Whence is this Babe and this Mother
Walking the road to the city?
Bearing the gifts of the poor—
Two pigeons to give at the altar—
Why to the Temple of God
This Child in the arms of His mother?
—He Who is worthy of incense,
She who of sin is untarnished.
This was the law of our fathers;
His commandment to sinners,
Poor who have nothing to stay
Him
Nothing but incense and pigeons.

See the High Priest; he receives it.
Bowed are the Child and the mother:
God is adored at the Temple
Sin is atoned as no other.
Here the old man has caressed
Him;
Here he has called Mary blessed;
Here he has promised salvation
And a heart with a sword to transfix it.
Here Anna weeps for the Infant
Kissing the robe of the mother.
Here have the pigeons been offered—
These were received as no other!

See the neat cage made by Joseph
Empty again now she carries,
Folding her Son to her bosom
Home—and to exile and terror.
Still in the Temple accepted
The two little doves on the Altar
From the hands of the mother
and Child
Given to God as none other.
* * * *

Now for a gift for my sins
Still I have nothing to carry—
Still I am feared and alone,
Let me come near to thee, Mary.
O for the gift that was taken
Carry my gift to the temple—
Body and soul as two pigeons
(Not the pure lamb of the noble—
Only the birds of the streets
Fed on the refuse of cities;
Take for thy gift, little mother—
Ask of the Father His pity.)
Give me that cage of St. Joseph's
Made for thy hand on thy journey—
Prison my life for your giving.
Be then an end to my flying
(All of my winging is hopeless
Heaven is not for my climbing)
Carry me then with Thy Baby—
Give me for Him at the Temple—
Then shall my life be fulfilled
More than in freedom and strutting.

Let me be freed at His altar
Gift from a Child and His mother—
Gift of two doves from the poor—
Welcomed by God as no other.

**Hello . . . Hello . . .
Haiti Calling . . .**

Our good friend Father George Fosey is not going to be blind after all. Alleluia. It was a close shave. God is so good.

Father was threatened with blindness after many years of arduous work in the hinterlands of Haiti. Finally he had to come to the U.S.A. to seek medical help . . . and now he is going back to work among his beloved Haitian folks. God speed Father . . . et multos annos to your apostolate.

Yet there are so many things that we can do to help Father . . . In his last letter to us, he lists some of them . . . and I pass them on . . . for it is our firm belief that though Charity begins at home it goes on from there seeking diligently throughout the world, which is but one family in Christ, where it can do most good.

Here are the items Father needs . . . Mass-stipends . . . Vitamins, Atabrine . . . Quinine . . . small compact medical kits . . . wrist watches . . . pens . . . pencils . . . shorts, tee shirts, and socks for his boys. He runs an orphanage, among other works.

Blessed is he who gives to the Lord. The address — Fr. George Fosey, L'eveche, Les-Cayes, Sud Haiti, West Indies.

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